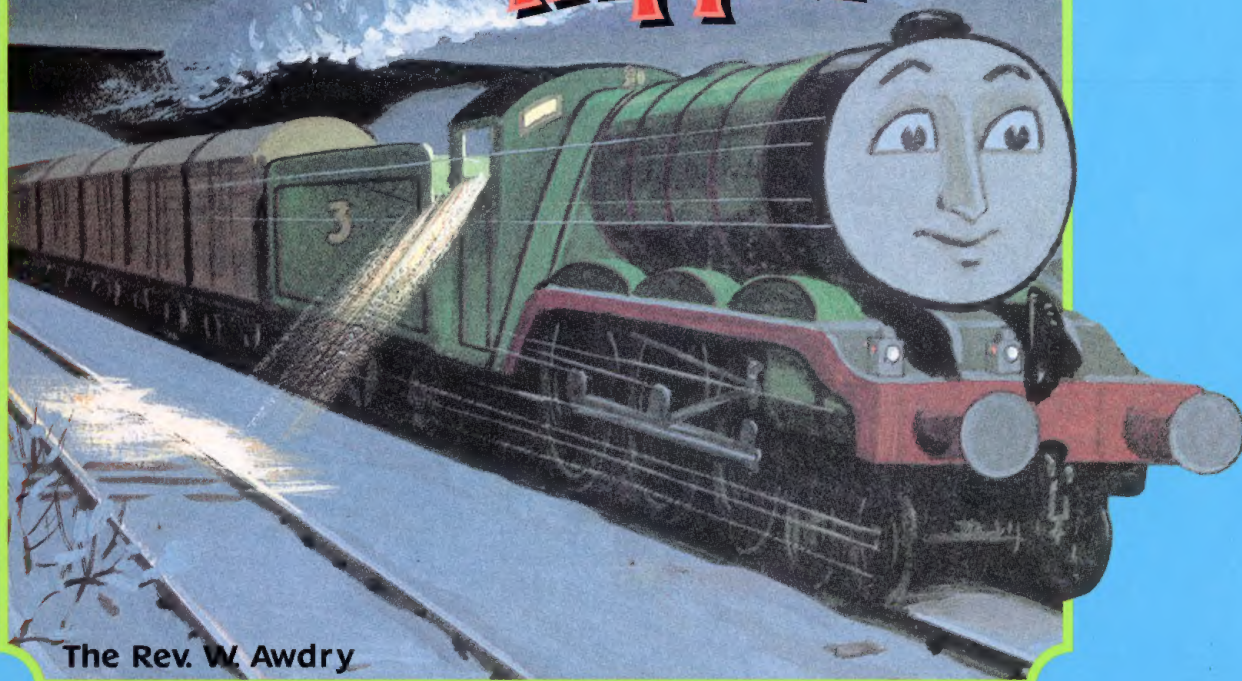


# The Flying Kipper

THOMAS  
& FRIENDS

CLUB



The Rev. W. Awdry

SCHOLASTIC

2

books in 1





## REALLY USEFUL WORDS

**QUAY:** a structure built parallel to the bank of a waterway for use as a landing place

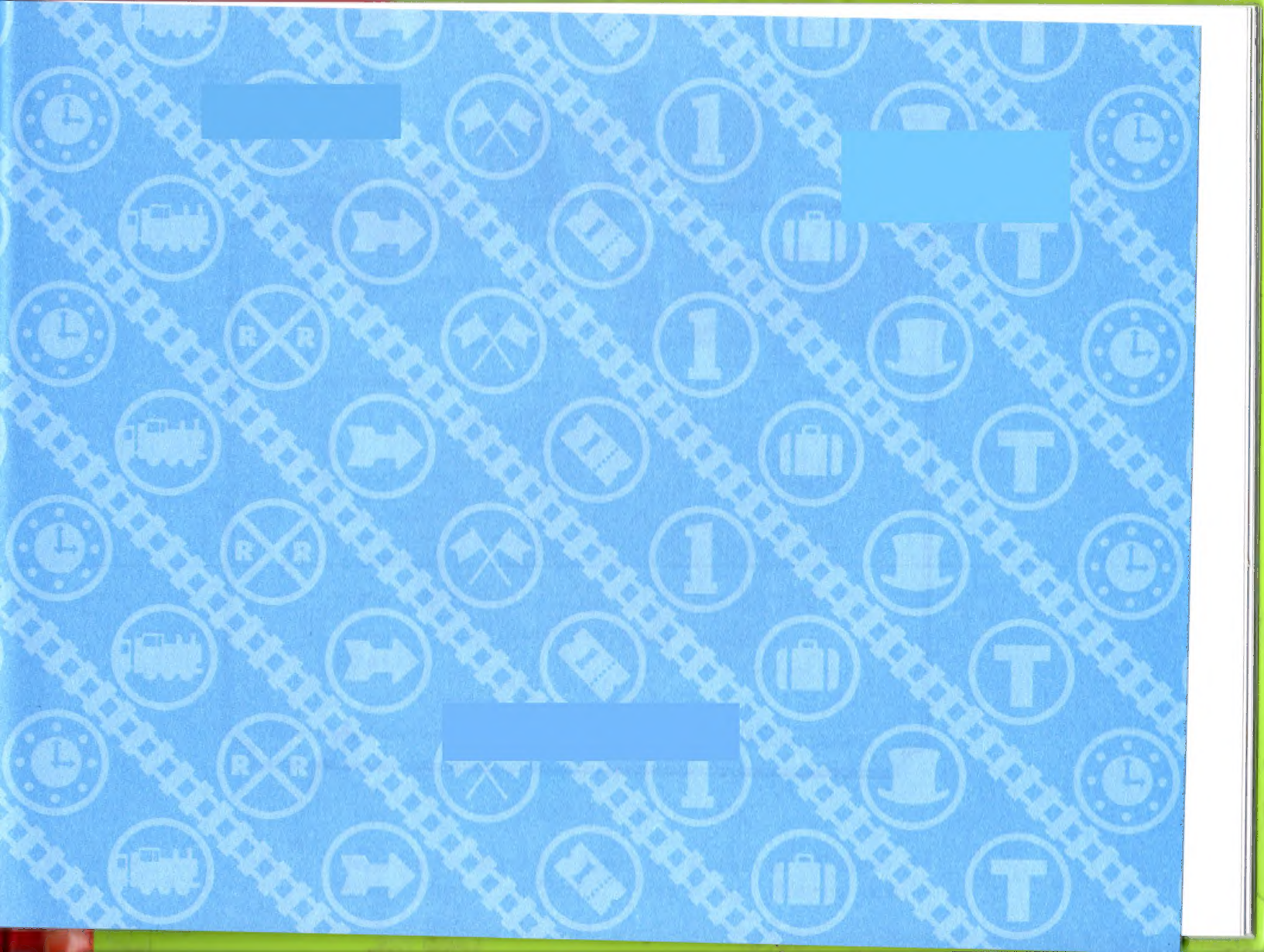
**KIPPER:** a kind of fish

**VAN:** a roofed freight car

**FUNNEL:** the hollow tube on top of a steam engine through which steam escapes

**POINTS:** a pair of movable, narrowing rails that allow a train to pass from one line to another

**BRAKE-VAN:** the last car in the train; the Guard rides in it and controls the brakes for the rest of the cars or coaches in the train





Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends

*Brit*  
A BRIT ALLCROFT COMPANY PRODUCTION

Based on The Railway Series by The Rev W Awdry  
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# The Flying Kipper



by  
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

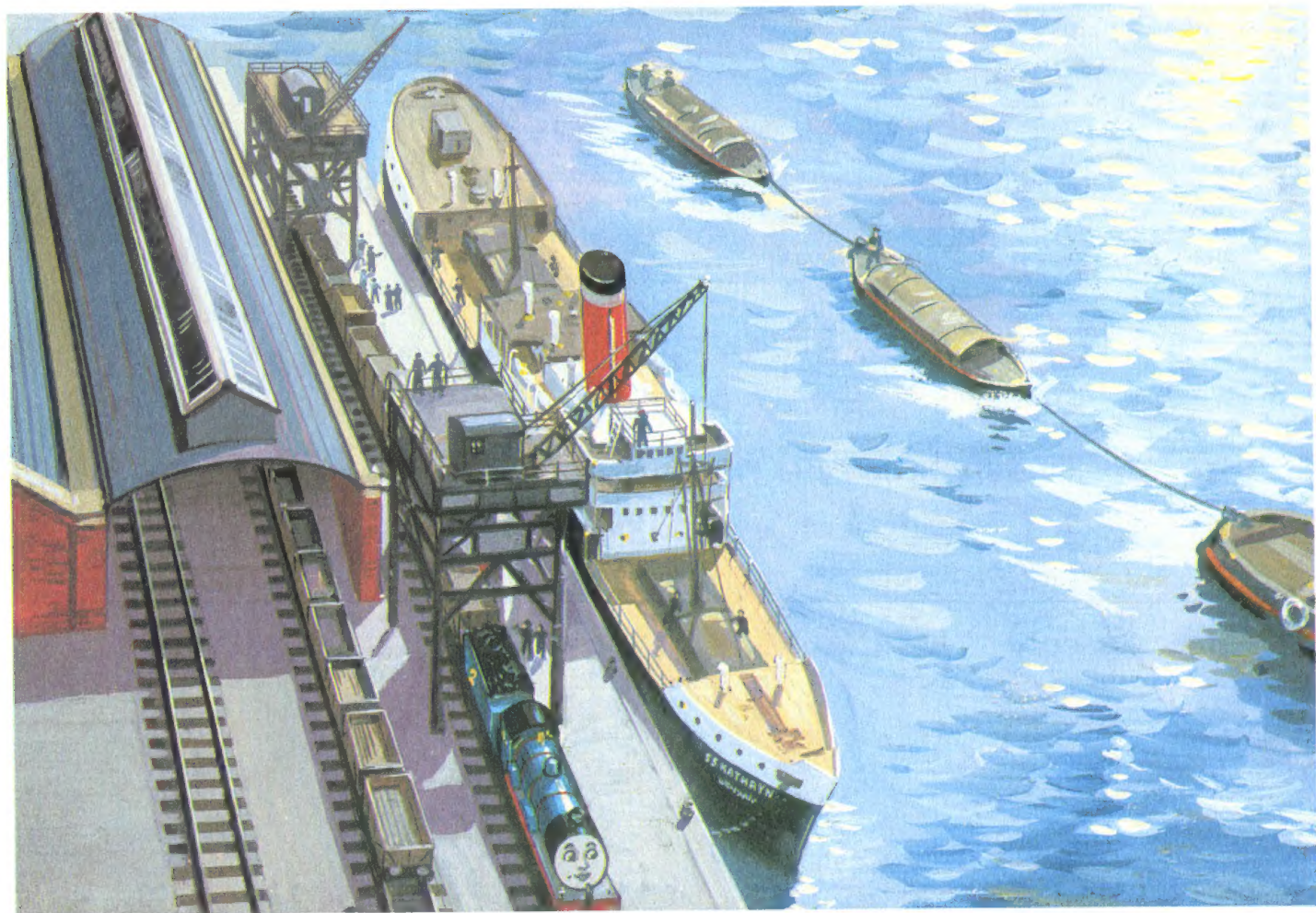
New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney  
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

**L**ots of ships use the harbor at the big station by the sea. The passenger ships have spotless paint and shining brass. Other ships, though smaller and dirtier, are important, too. They take coal, machinery and other things abroad, and bring back meat, timber and things we need.

Fishing boats also come there. They unload their fish on the quay. Some of it is sent to shops in the town, and some goes in a special train to other places far away.

The railway men call this train "The Flying Kipper."





“Come on! Come on! Don’t be silly!—don’t be silly!”  
puffed Henry to the vans, as his wheels slipped on the icy rails.

The vans shuddered and groaned. “*Trock, trick, trock, trick*; all right, all right,” they answered grudgingly.

“That is better, that is better,” puffed Henry more happily, as the train began to gather speed.

Thick clouds of smoke and steam poured from his funnel into the cold air; and when his Fireman put on more coal, the fire’s light shone brightly on the snow around.

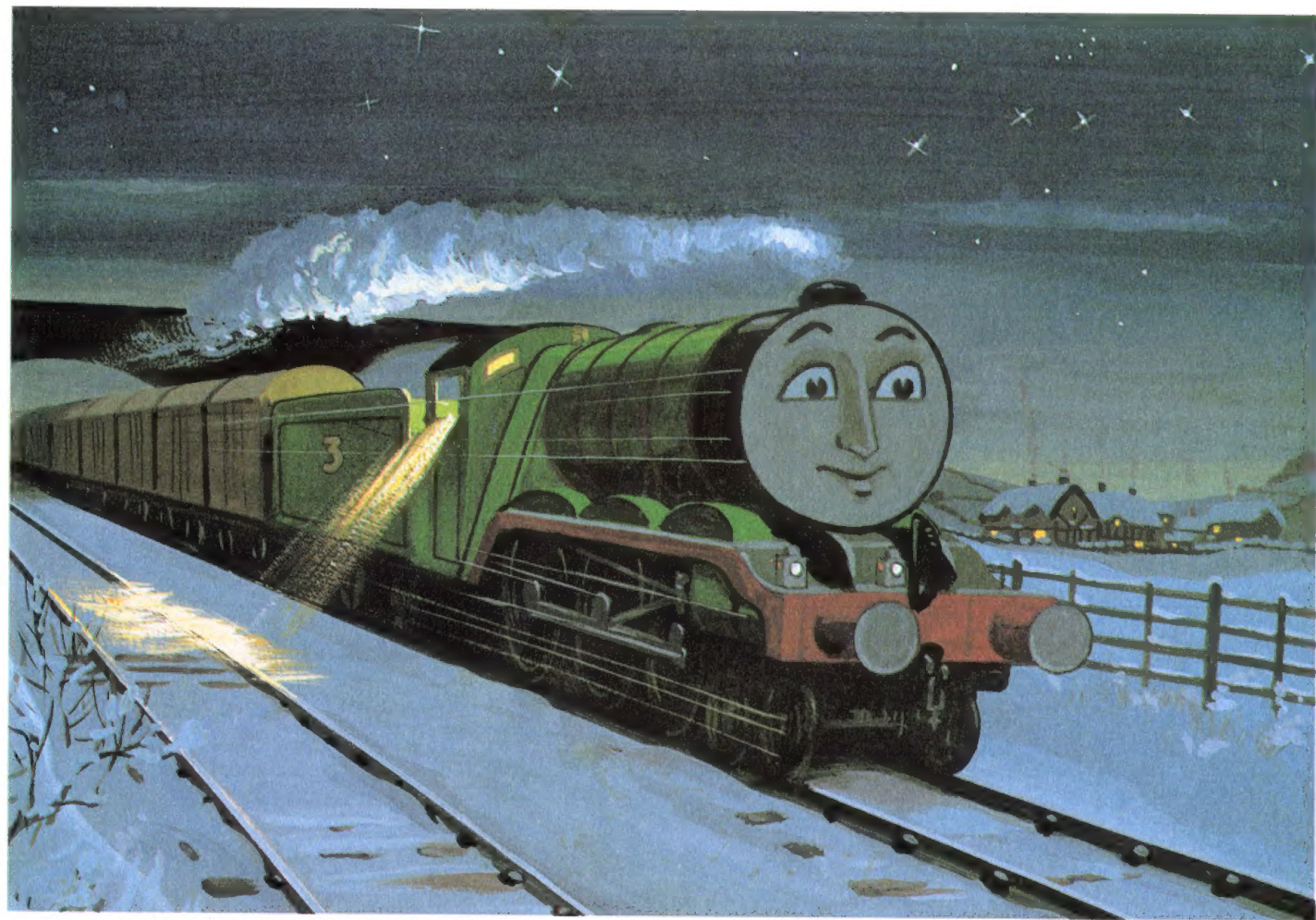


One winter evening Henry's Driver said, "We'll be out early tomorrow. We've got to take 'The Flying Kipper'."

"Don't tell Gordon," he whispered, "but I think if we pull the 'Kipper' nicely, Sir Topham Hatt will let us pull the express."

"Hurrah!" cried Henry, excitedly. "That will be lovely."

He was ready at 5 o'clock. There was snow and frost. Men hustled and shouted, loading the vans with crates of fish. The last door banged, the Guard showed his green lamp, and they were off.







"Hurry, hurry, hurry," panted Henry.

They hooshed under bridges, and clattered through stations, green signal-lights showing as they passed.

They were going well, the light grew better and a yellow signal appeared ahead.

"*Distant* signal—up," thought Henry, "caution." His Driver, shutting off steam, prepared to stop, but the *Home* signal was down. "All clear, Henry; away we go."

They couldn't know the points from the main line to a siding were frozen, and that the signal had been set at *Danger*. A fall of snow had forced it down.





A goods train waited in the siding to let "The Flying Kipper" pass. The Driver and Fireman were drinking cocoa in the brake-van.

The Guard pulled out his watch. "The 'Kipper' is due," he said.

"Who cares?" said the Fireman. "This is good cocoa."

The Driver got up, "Come on Fireman, back to our engine."

"Hey!" the Fireman grumbled, "I haven't finished my cocoa yet."

A sudden crash—the brake-van broke—the three men shot in the air like Jacks-in-the-box, and landed in the snow outside.





Henry's Driver and Fireman jumped clear before the crash. The Fireman fell headfirst into a heap of snow. He kicked so hard that the Driver couldn't pull him out.

Henry sprawled on his side. He looked surprised. The goods train Fireman waved his empty mug.

"You clumsy great engine! The best cup of cocoa I've ever had, and you bump into me and spill it all!"

"Never mind your cocoa, Fireman," laughed his Driver, "run and telephone the breakdown gang."





The gang soon cleared the line, but they had hard work lifting Henry to the rails.

Sir Topham Hatt came to see him.

"The signal was down, sir," said Henry nervously.

"Cheer up, Henry! It wasn't your fault. Ice and snow caused the accident. I'm sending you to Crewe, a fine place for sick engines. They'll give you a new shape and a larger firebox. Then you'll feel like a different engine, and won't need special coal any more. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes, sir," said Henry doubtfully.





Henry liked being at Crewe, but was glad to come home.

A crowd of people waited to see him arrive in his new shape. He looked so splendid and strong that they gave him three cheers.

*"Peep peep pippippeep! Thank you very much,"* he whistled happily.

I am sorry to say that a lot of little boys are often late for school because they wait to see Henry go by!

They often see him pulling the express; and he does it so well that Gordon is jealous. But that is another story.





## REALLY USEFUL WORDS

**BOILER:** the part of the engine that heats water to create steam

**FUNNEL:** the hollow tube on top of a steam engine through which steam escapes

**SMOKE BOX:** the front section of a steam engine that extends from the boiler and contains steam pipes and the funnel

**TERMINUS:** the station, town, or city at the end of a line or travel route

**YARD:** the area where trains sit between runs





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# HENRY'S SNEEZE



by  
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

New York   Toronto   London   Auckland   Sydney  
Mexico City   New Delhi   Hong Kong   Buenos Aires



**O**ne lovely Saturday morning, Henry was puffing along. The sun shone, the fields were green, the birds sang; Henry had plenty of steam in his boiler, and he was feeling happy.

"I feel so well, I feel so well," he sang.

"*Trickety trock, trickety trock,*" hummed his coaches.

Henry saw some boys on a bridge.

"Peep! Peep! Hullo!" he whistled cheerfully.

"Peep! Peep! Peeeep!" he called the next moment. "Oh! Oh! Oooh!" For the boys didn't wave and take his number; they dropped stones on him instead.



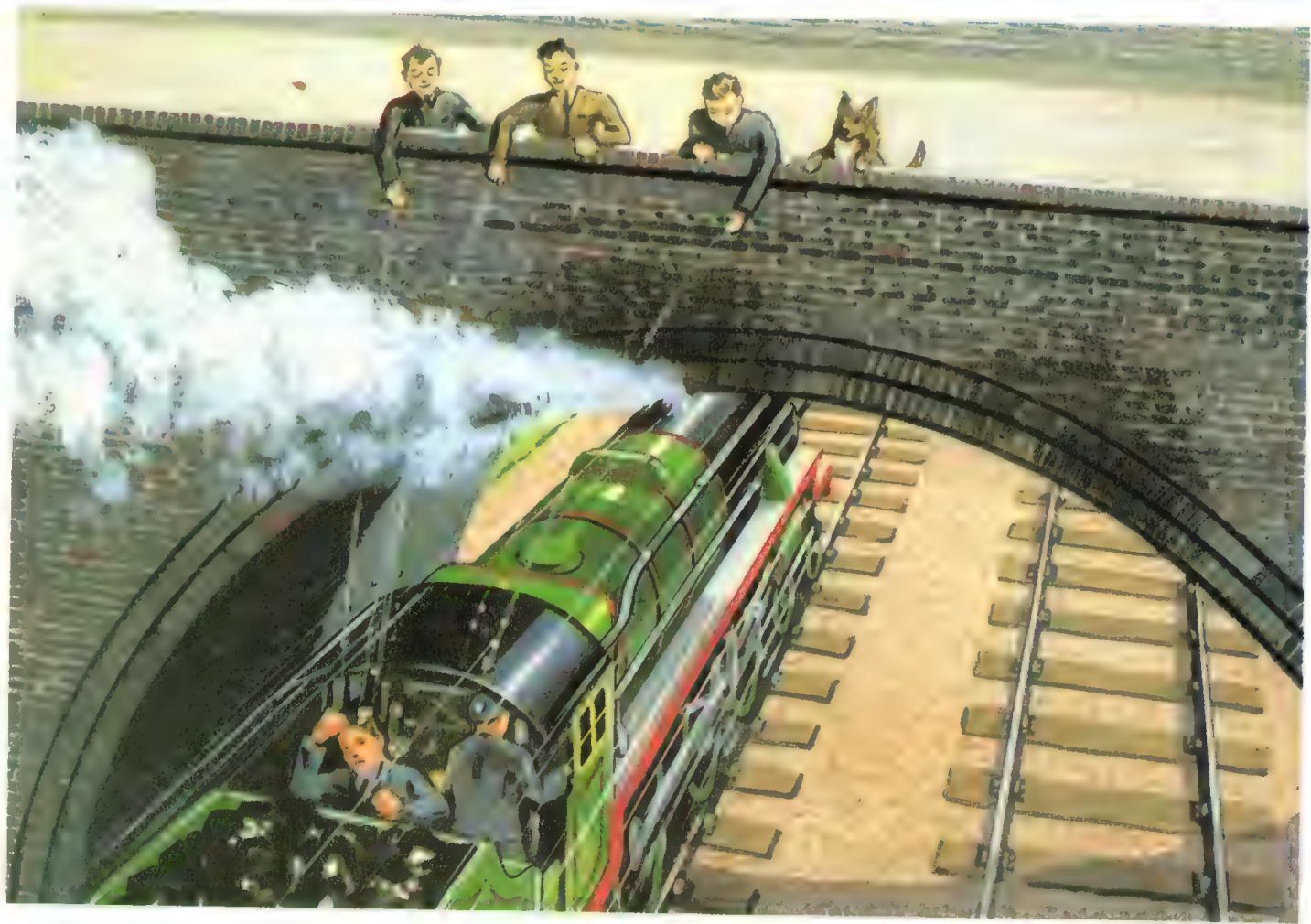
They were silly, stupid boys who thought it would be fun to drop stones down his funnel. Some of the stones hit Henry's boiler and spoiled his paint; one hit the Fireman on the head as he was shoveling coal, and others broke the carriage windows.

"It's a shame, it's a shame," hissed Henry.

"They've broken our glass, they've broken our glass," sobbed the coaches.

The Driver opened the first-aid box, bandaged the Fireman's head, and planned what he was going to do.





They stopped the train and the Guard asked if any passengers were hurt. No one was hurt, but everyone was cross. They saw the Fireman's bumped head, and told him what to do for it, and they looked at Henry's paint.

"Call the Police," they shouted angrily.

"No!" said the Driver, "leave it to Henry and me. We'll teach those lads a lesson."

"What will you do?" they asked.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, yes," they all said.

"Well then," said the Driver, "Henry is going to sneeze at them."





"What!" cried all the passengers.

The Driver laughed. "Henry draws air in through his fire, and puffs it out with smoke and steam. When he puffs hard, the air blows ashes from his fire into his smoke box, and these ashes sometimes prevent him from puffing properly.

"When your nose is blocked, you sometimes sneeze. If Henry's smoke box is blocked, I can make air and steam blow the ashes out through his funnel.

"We will do it at the bridge and startle those boys."



Henry puffed on to the Terminus, where he had a rest. Then he took the train back. Lots of people were waiting at the station just before the bridge. They wanted to see what would happen.

“Henry has plenty of ashes,” said the Driver. “Please keep all windows shut till we have passed the bridge. Henry is as excited as we are, aren’t you old fellow?” and he patted Henry’s boiler.

Henry didn’t answer; he was feeling “stuffed up,” but he winked at his Driver, like this.





The Guard's flag waved, his whistle blew, and they were off. Soon in the distance they saw the bridge. There were the boys, and they all had stones.

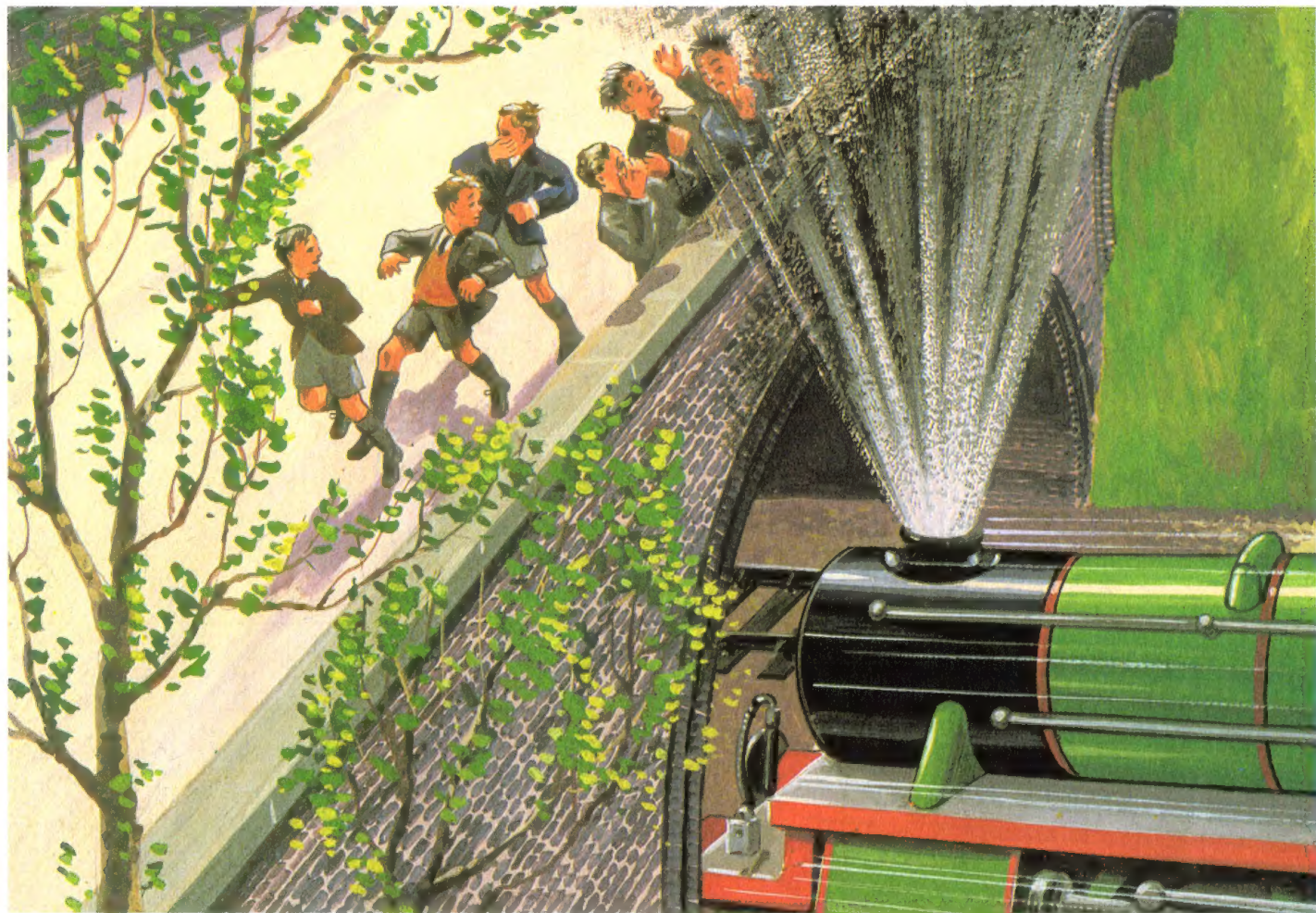
"Are you ready, Henry?" said his Driver. "Sneeze hard when I tell you."

"NOW!" he said, and turned the handle.

*"Atisha Atisha Atishooooooooh!"*

Smoke and steam and ashes spouted from his funnel. They went all over the bridge, and all over the boys who ran away as black as soot.





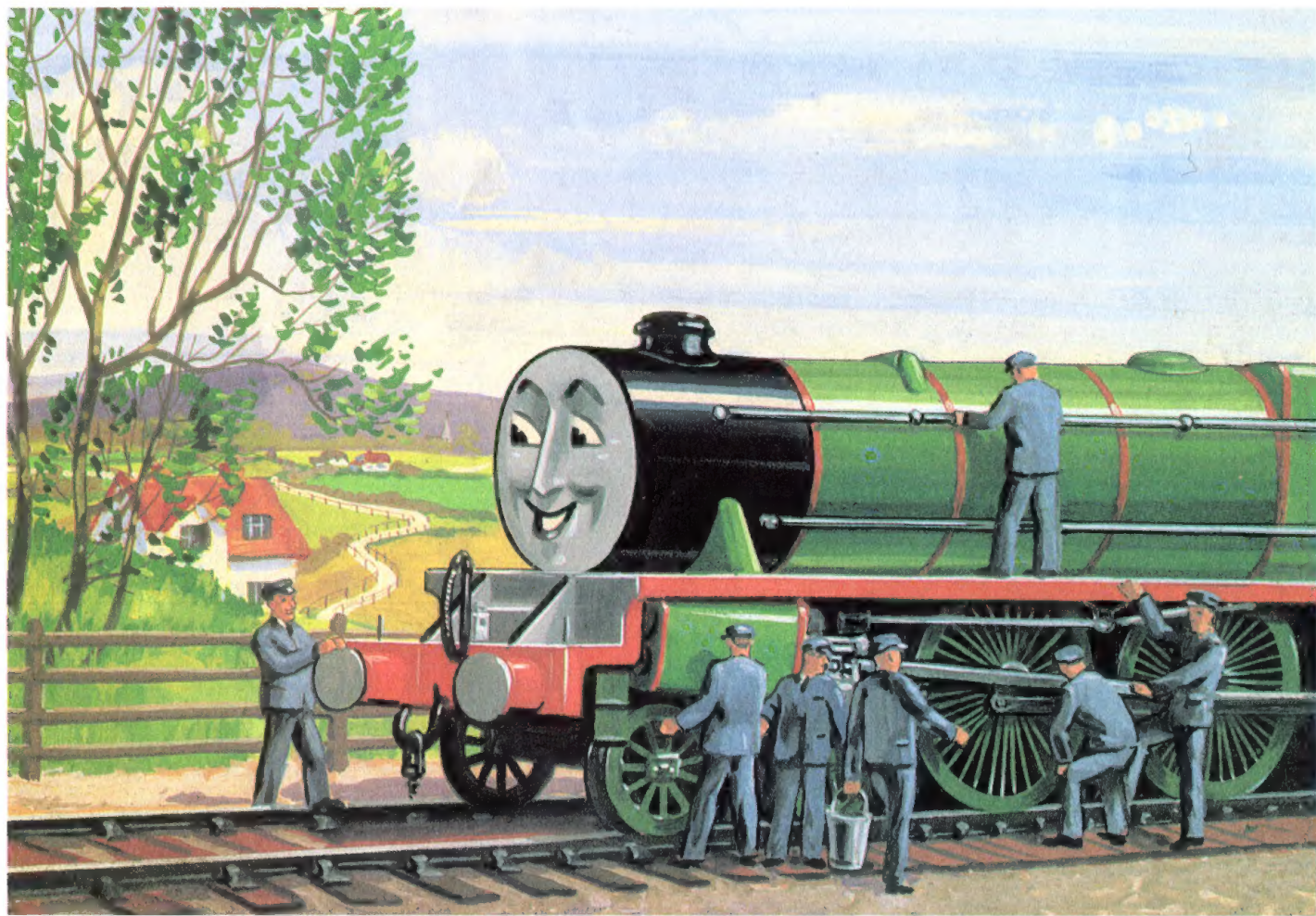


“Well done, Henry,” laughed his Driver, “they won’t drop stones on engines again.”

“Your coat is all black, but we’ll rub you down and paint your scratches and you’ll be as good as new tomorrow.”

Henry has never again sneezed under a bridge. Sir Topham Hatt doesn’t like it. His smoke box is always cleaned in the yard while he is resting.

Henry has now gone under more bridges than he can count; but from that day to this there have been no more boys with stones.

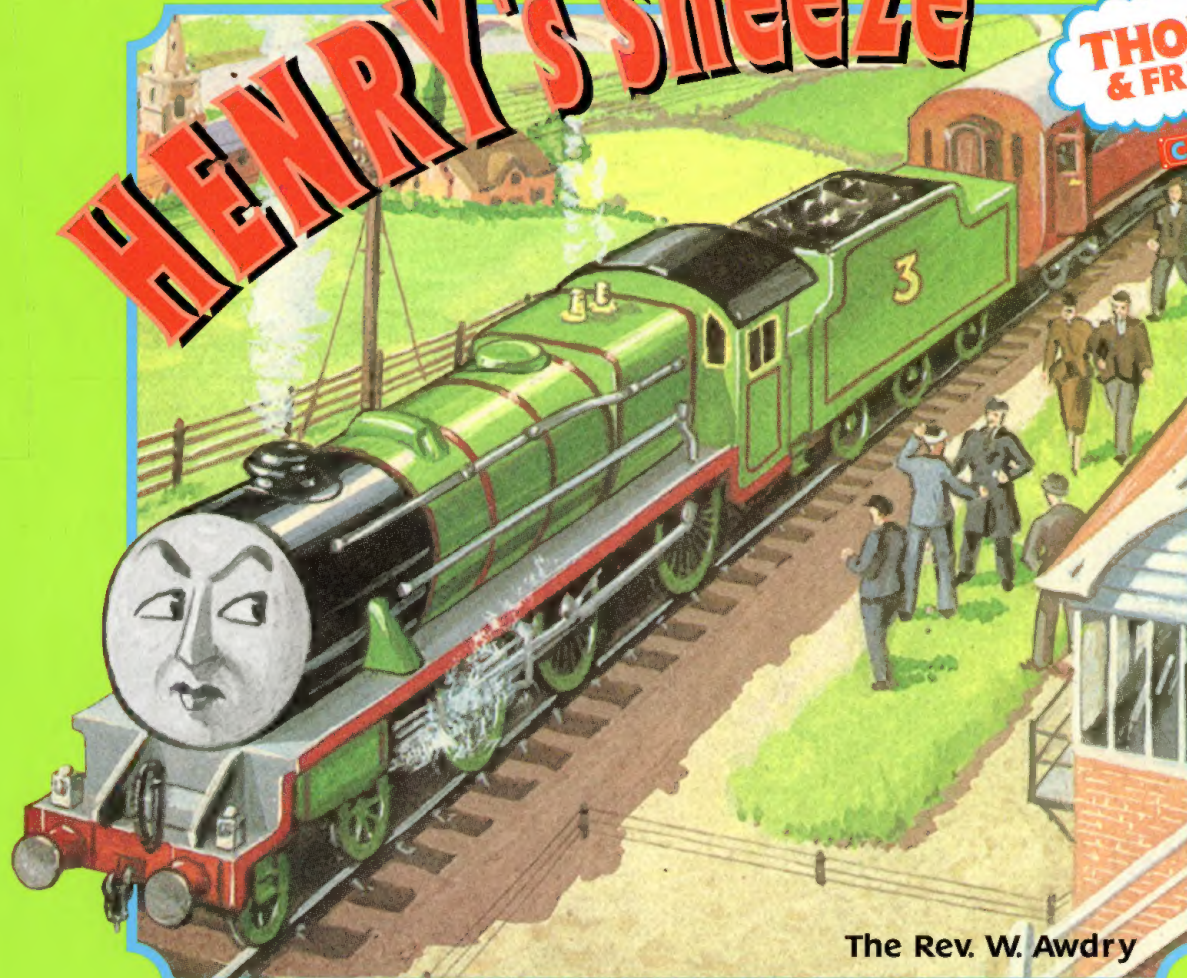




# HENRY'S Sneeze

THOMAS  
& FRIENDS

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The Rev. W. Awdry